

Then that of painted pompe? Are not these woods  
More free from perill then the enuious Court?  
Heere feele we not the penaltie of *Adam*,  
The seasons difference, as the Ice phange  
And churlish chiding of the winters winde,  
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body  
Euen till I shrinke with cold, I smile, and say  
This is no flattery: these are counsellors  
That feelingly perswade me what I am:  
Sweet are the vses of aduersitie  
Which like the toad, ougly and venomous,  
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:  
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,  
Sermons in stones, and good in euery thing.

*Amien.* I would not change it, happy is your Grace  
That can translate the stubbornesse of fortune  
Into so quiet and so sweet a stile.

*Du. Sen.* Come, shall we goe and kill vs venison?  
And yet it irkes me the poore dapled foolles  
Being native Burgers of this desert City,  
Should in their owne confines with forked heads  
Haue their round hanches gourd.

*1. Lord.* Indeed my Lord  
The melancholy *Iaques* grieues at that,  
And in that kinde sweares you doe more vsurpe  
Then doth your brother that hath banish'd you:  
To day my Lord of *Amiens*, and my selfe,  
Did steale behinde him as he lay along  
Vnder an oake, whose anticke roote peepes out  
Vpon the brooke that brayles along this wood,  
To the which place a poore sequestred Stag  
That from the Hunters aime had tane a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and indeed my Lord  
The wretched animall heau'd forth such groanes  
That their discharge did fetch his leatherne coat  
Almost to bursting, and the big round teares  
Cours'd one another downe his innocent nose  
In pittious chafe: and thus the haire foole,  
Much marked of the melancholie *Iaques*,  
Stood on th'extremest verge of the swift brooke,  
Augmenting it with teares.

*Du. Sen.* But what said *Iaques*?  
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

*1. Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similies.  
First, for his weeping into the needlesse streame;  
Poore Deere quoth he, thou mak'st a testament  
As worldlings doe, giuing thy sum of more  
To that which had too must: then being there alone,  
Left and abandoned of his veluet friend;  
'Tis right quoth he, thus miserie doth part  
The Fluxe of companie: anon a carelesse Heard  
Full of the pasture, iumps along by him  
And neuer staies to greet him: I quoth *Iaques*,  
Sweepe on you fat and greazie Citizens,  
'Tis iust the fashion; wherefore doe you looke  
Vpon that poore and broken bankrupt there?  
Thus most inuoluntarily he pierceth through  
The body of Countrie, Citie, Court,  
Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we  
Are meere vsurpers, tyrants, and whats worse  
To fright the Animals, and to kill them vp  
In their assign'd and native dwelling place.

*D. Sen.* And did you leaue him in this contemplation?  
*2. Lord.* We did my Lord, weeping and commenting  
Vpon the sobbing Deere.

*Du. Sen.* Show me the place;  
I loue to cope him in these fullen fits,  
For then he's full of matter.  
*1. Lor.* Ile bring you to him strait.

## Scena Secunda.

Enter Duke, with Lords.

*Duk.* Can it be possible that no man saw them?  
It cannot be, some villaines of my Court  
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

*1. Lo.* I cannot heare of any that did see her,  
The Ladies her attendants of her chamber  
Saw her a bed, and in the morning early,  
They found the bed vntreasur'd of their Mistis.

*2. Lor.* My Lord, the roynish Clown, at whom so oft,  
Your Grace was wont to laugh is also missing,  
*Hesperia* the Princesse Gentlewoman  
Confesses that she secretly ore-heard  
Your daughter and her Cosen much commend  
The parts and graces of the Wrestler  
That did but lately foile the synowie *Charles*,  
And she beleeuces where euer they are gone  
That youth is surely in their companie.

*Duk.* Send to his brother, fetch that gallant hither,  
If he be absent, bring his Brother to me,  
Ile make him finde him: do this sodainly;  
And let not search and inquisition quaille,  
To bring againe these foolish runawaies.

## Scena Tertia.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

*Orl.* Who's there?

*Ad.* What my yong Master, oh my gentle master,  
Oh my sweet master, O you memorie  
Of old Sir Rowland; why, what make you here?  
Why are you vertuous? Why do people loue you?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?  
Why would you be so fond to ouercome  
The bonnie prisoner of the humorous Duke?  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
Know you not Master, to seeme kinde of men,  
Their graces serue them but as enemies,  
No more doe yours: your vertues gentle Master  
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you:  
Oh what a world is this, when what is comely  
Enuenoms him that beares it?

*Why, what's the matter?*  
*Ad.* O vnhappy youth,  
Come not within these doores: within this rooffe  
The enemy of all your graces liues  
Your brother, no, no brother, yet the sonne  
(Yet not the son, I will not call him son)  
Of him I was about to call his Father,  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he meanes,  
To burne the lodging where you vse to lye,  
And you within it: if he faile of that

He will haue other meanes to cut you off;  
Iouerheard him: and his practises:  
This is no place, this house is but a butcherie;  
Abhorre it, feare it, doe not enter it.

*Ad.* Why whether *Adam* would'st thou haue me go?  
*Ad.* No matter whether, so you come not here.

*Orl.* What, would'st thou haue me go & beg my food,  
Or with a bale and boistrous Sword enforce  
A cheuish liuing on the common roade?  
This I must do, or know not what to do:  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can,  
I rather will subiect me to the malice  
Of a diuerted blood, and bloudie brother.

*Ad.* But do not so: I haue five hundred Crownes,  
The chrisitie hire I saued vnder your Father,  
Which I did store to be my toster Nurse,  
When seruice should in my old limbs lie lame,  
And vnregarded age in corners throwne,  
Take that, and he that doth the Rauens feede,  
Yea prouidently caters for the Sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age: here is the gold,  
All this I giue you, let me be your seruant,  
Though I looke old, yet I am strong and lustie;  
For in my youth I neuer did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with vnbashtfull forehead wor,  
The meanes of weaknesse and debilitie,  
Therefore my age is as a lustie winter,  
Frostie, but kindly: let me goe with you,  
Ile doe the seruice of a yonger man  
In all your businesse and necessities.

*Orl.* Oh good old man, how well in thee appeares  
The constant seruice of the antique world,  
When seruice sweate for dutie, not for meede:  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweate, but for promotion,  
And hauing that do choake their seruice vp,  
Euen with the hauing, it is not so with thee:  
But poore old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossome yeelde,  
In lieu of all thy paines and husbandrie,  
But come thy waies, wee le goe along together,  
And ere we haue thy youthfull wages spent,  
Wee le light vpon some settled low content.  
*Ad.* Master goe on, and I will follow thee  
To the last gaspe with truth and loyaltie,  
From seauentie yeeres, till now almost fourescore  
Here liued I, but now liue here no more  
At seauenteene yeeres, many their fortunes seeke  
But at fourescore, it is too late a weeke,  
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better  
Then to die well, and not my Masters debter.

## Scena Quarta.

Enter Rosaline for Ganimed, Celina for Aliena, and  
Clowne, alias Touchstone.

*Ros.* O *Iupiter*, how merry are my spirits?  
*Cl.* I care not for my spirits, if my legges were not  
wearie.

*Ros.* I could finde in my heart to disgrace my mans  
apparell, and to cry like a woman: but I must comfort

the weaker vessel, as doubler and hose ought to show it  
selfe coragious to petty-coate; therefore courage, good  
*Aliena*.

*Cel.* I pray you beare with me, I cannot goe no fur-  
ther.

*Cl.* For my part, I had rather beare with you, then  
beare you: yet I should beare no crosse if I did beare  
you, for I thinke you haue no money in your purse.

*Ros.* Well, this is the Forrest of *Arden*,  
*Cl.* I, now am I in *Arden*, the more fooler I; when I  
was at home I was in a better place, but I shallers must  
be content.

Enter Corin and Siluius.

*Ros.* Be so good *Touchstone*: Look you, who comes  
here, a yong man and an old in solemne talke.

*Cor.* That is the way to make her searrie you still.

*Sil.* Oh *Corin*, that thou knew'st how I do loue her.

*Cor.* I partly guesse: for I haue lou'd ere now.

*Sil.* No *Corin*, being old, thou canst not guesse.

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover

As euer sigh'd vpon a midnight pillow.

But if thy loue were euer like to mine,

As sure I thinke did neuer man loue so.

How many actions most ridiculous,

Hast thou bene drawne to by thy fantasie?

*Cor.* Into a thousand that I haue forgotten.

*Sil.* Oh thou didst then neuer loue so hartily.

If thou remembrest not the slightest folly

That euer loue did make thee run into,

Thou hast not lou'd.

Or if thou hast not sat as I doe now,

Wearing thy hearer in thy Mistis praise,

Thou hast not lou'd.

O: if thou hast not broke from companie,

Abruptly as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not lou'd.

O *Phebe*, *Phebe*, *Phebe*.

*Ros.* Alas poore Shepheard searching of they would,

I haue by hard aduenture found mine owne.

*Cl.* And I mine: I remember when I was in loue, I

broke my sword vpon a stone, and bid him take that for

comming a night to *Lane Smile*, and I remember the kis-

sing of her barler, and the Cowes dugs that her prettie

chopt hands had milk'd; and I remember the wooing

of a peascod instead of her, from whom I tooke two

cods, and giuing her them againe, said with weeping

teares, weare these for my sake: wee that are true Lo-

uers, runne into strange capers; but as all is mortall in

nature, so is all nature in loue, mortall in folly.

*Ros.* Thou speakest wiser then thou art ware of.

*Cl.* Nay, I shall nere be ware of mine owne wit, till

I breake my shins against it.

*Ros.* Loue, loue, this Shepherds passion,

Is much vpon my fashion.

*Cl.* And mine, but it growes something stale with

mee.

*Cel.* I pray you, one of you question yon'd man,

If he for gold will giue vs any foode,

I faint almost to death.

*Cl.* Holla; you Clowne.

*Ros.* Peace foole, he's not thy kinsman.

*Cor.* Who calls?

*Cl.* Your betters Sir.

*Cor.* Else are they very wretched.

*Ros.* Peace